

# The TATLER

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and

## BYSTANDER

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Bertram Park

## The Hon. Mrs. James Willson

The Hon. Mrs. James Willson is the wife of Major James Willson, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards. Her husband is the eldest son of Sir Walter Willson, of Kenward, Tonbridge, Kent, and they have one son who was born in 1943. The Hon. Mrs. Willson is a daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, of Kedleston Hall, Derby, and was the Hon. Ann Curzon before her marriage. She is the eldest of four sisters





# Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

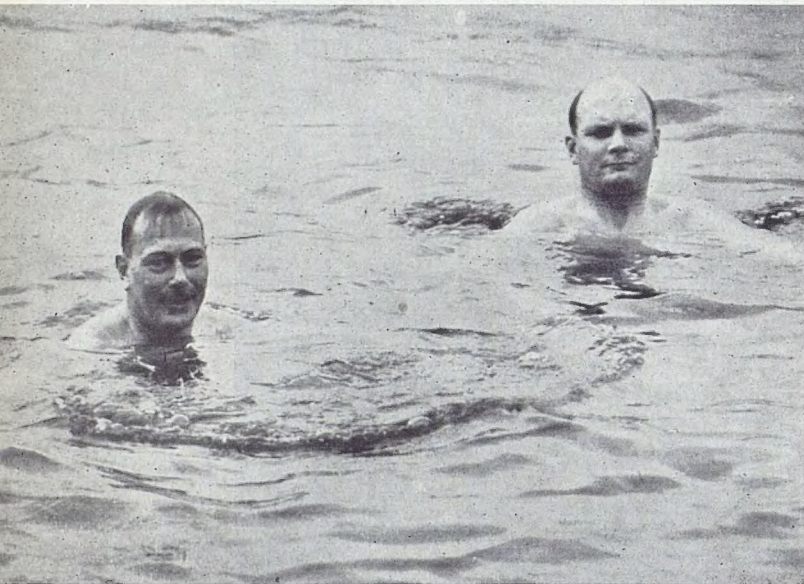
## The Atomic Bomb

THE first public use of the atomic bomb is obviously no occasion for rejoicing. As the dirty cloud billows high above Hiroshima, "there," we might becomingly say, "there, but

breaking down the atom to create explosions. He makes a terrible crater, for instance, by causing a box of face powder, belonging to the heroine, to blow up. Disastrous wars follow the invention, but then something very peculiar happens. Since God

less with fat-stock regulations than with agreeable discussions about the Mexican painter, Diego Rivera. An accomplished painter himself, Jack Huntingdon, while living in Mexico, acquired a tremendous admiration for Rivera, who is, I suppose, the most eminent, specifically Socialist artist in the world. Picasso may have painted "Guernica"; the sympathies of most good artists seem to incline naturally to the left, but Rivera, with his huge frescoes of workers in factories, tilling their maize or mining oil, has acquired almost official status as the visual interpreter of socialism. When his vast designs and burning colours first attacked my dusty eyes in Mexico City years ago, I was dazed and bewildered. But I did not forget to be awed.

To return to the Ministry of Agriculture. I hold a theory that agriculture should be officially recognised as a defence matter and should, to some extent, come under the Committee of Imperial



## H.R.H. Enjoys a Swim at Jacquinot Bay

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester went for a swim accompanied by his Chief of Staff, Brigadier Derek Schrieber, during his recent visit to Jacquinot Bay, New Britain; while the Duke was swimming a motor boat patrolled the waters on the look out for sharks



## U.S. Air Force General Receives the R.A.F. Gold Cup

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal recently presented a Gold Cup from the R.A.F. to the U.S.A.A.F. It was accepted in London on behalf of the U.S.A.A.F. by General Carl Spaatz, who took it to America and presented it to General H. H. Arnold. He is seen with Lord Halifax handing the cup to General Arnold

for the Grace of God, go we." Five months ago a brilliant American friend of mine, just returned from Washington, came to see me in a mood of some sombreness. The leading scientists in the States and here had, he said, discovered the secret of releasing atomic energy, but could not be sure of controlling it in all reasonable circumstances.

They suspected that the Germans had reached about the same stage in their investigations. But while the United Nations would obviously refrain from using the terrible discovery until they could be sure of limiting its effect, high authorities in Washington feared the Germans, in a mood of Gotterdammerung despair, might turn it on us as it was, not scrupling to blow themselves to perdition if we went, too. By this theory the German war had become a race to overrun the enemy laboratories before they could end the world.

My friend may have taken up an attitude of exaggerated pessimism. But if the war had lasted another six months, some very unpleasant surprises would, I feel sure, have been sprung upon us. Not that the Germans are better scientists than the Americans or ourselves. If anything, they are not quite as good. But Hitler got his results by lavishing public funds on research, however esoteric and fantastic. Scientific pre-eminence is essential to us if we are to survive. I hope the new Government will be less niggardly with money for research than are most administrations in peace time.

## Krakatit

THE Press of the world is, as I write, debating the effect of atomic energy upon our lives. In America, above all, they are speculating on how to make money out of it. I recall an enchanting fantasy by that excellent Czech satirist, Karel Capek. It was called Krakatit, and told how a Czech scientist did precisely what the Americans and ourselves have now done. He invents a means of

made the world, argued Capek, there is some part of God in every object, dead or living, indeed in every atom. When the atoms disintegrate, the element of divinity hitherto imprisoned in them surges out, blasting its way into the hearts of every one within reasonable range. In consequence, revivalist movements begin everywhere; the entire world is submerged by a wave of religious hysteria.

## Lord Winster

I AM delighted to see that Lord Winster has been made Minister of Civil Aviation. If we are not to be broken by the power and efficiency of American competition, we will need keen wits and great resolution in matters of commercial flying during the next few critical years; and I can think of few more suitable dispositions for the delicate task than Reggie Winster's. He possesses a mind at once disillusioned without despairing, a character tough yet compassionate, adorned with the sort of shrewd wit which, alas! seems to have gone largely out of fashion this last hundred and fifty years.

I hope when commercial flying is resumed here on a peacetime scale, there will be an end to the practice of fitting out British air lines with machines which have been so long gestating, they are already obsolete by the time they lift us off the ground. I hope too, there will be an end of the surliness which the staffs of British air lines delighted to parade on the slightest provocation, an end to the bad food and unnecessary discomforts which were our reward for travelling in British machines.

## Lord Huntingdon

I MUST confess to have felt a momentary surprise at the news of Jack Huntingdon's appointment as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. He has been an active Socialist for many years; he has great knowledge and feeling for the countryside; but somehow, I associate him



## A Distinguished Scientist

Sir Charles Darwin is one of the men who has been closely connected with the highly secret making of the atomic bomb. He is director of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, and was called in to be a member of the Committee of the Department of Scientific Industrial Research



Defence. Certainly the Minister of Agriculture ought periodically to report to that body on the ability of the country to feed itself in time of blockade. I wonder how many lives were lost, how much of our warlike strength wasted in the bringing of food to this country during the last six years? Between the two wars millions of acres of English land went out of cultivation. If Jack Huntingdon can prevent a recurrence of that abominable process, the Socialist hold on the country boroughs will not be precarious.

### Sezincote

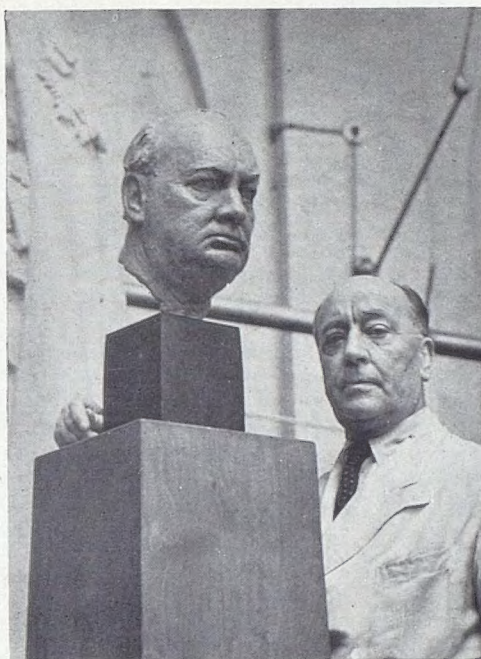
JOHN DUGDALE, I see, becomes a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Until recently, his family owned that enchanting opium-dream of a house in Gloucestershire, Sezincote. I know of few "middling" estates (as Horace Walpole would have dubbed it), that I covet more. The first building of any importance to be built here in the "Hindu" style (the nearest approach to it was the little mosque Sir William Chambers put up for Queen Charlotte at Kew), Sezincote was designed by Samuel Pepys Cockerell about the year of Trafalgar, for his brother Colonel Sir Charles Cockerell, who had been Lord Cornwallis's Quartermaster-General in India.

Anything more deliciously inappropriate than this fantasia said to have been inspired by the mausoleum of Hyder Ali at Laulbaug, with its onion domes, its spires, growing out of the lush Cotswolds, it would be hard to conceive. But by its very inconsequence, its inappropriateness, Sezincote becomes perhaps the most English of houses, a monument to the eccentricity that made us great, and which modern education is trying hard to stamp out of the English character.

It is supposed to have inspired the Brighton Pavilion. Though it is far less sumptuous than that "Marine Palace" I prefer it on the whole. I am very much caught indeed by the conservatory borne on iron palm trees and shooting out in a crescent from the main block, the "Indian" layout of the grounds, by Humphrey Repton, the Ravine Garden and the Elephant Cave Bridge.

### The Petain Trial

THAN the Petain trial surely no hoarier example of senile drama and spite has ever been known. The old gaffer of a defendant is at least 89. Maître Mornet, the Public Prosecutor, is 76. Laval, if I remember rightly, is a grandfather, Clemenceau's son is 72, and one of the youngest witnesses yet called is General Doyen, a stripling of 64. The



### Head of Mr. Churchill

Sir William Reid-Dick, R.A., Sculptor-in-Ordinary to the King, was photographed with the newly completed head of Mr. Churchill. Among his works are portraits of H.M. the King, H.M. King George V and H.M. Queen Mary

embarrassing element in the whole sorry affair is the way the Marshal, securely entrenched behind his deafness, shows not the faintest sign of dissolution. There must be a certain pleasure in sitting there, watching the impassioned gestures, the denunciations, the burning avowals, mouths opening and shutting, and not to hear one word. . . .

### The Wallace Collection

HOW agreeable it is to find Hertford House open again, and at least the best things in the collection returned to bewitch us. The Bouchers on the stairs always evoke for me the finale of some particularly lavish and silly revue at the Bal

Tabarin or the Casino de Paris. But the Boningtons, the little Watteaus, make one's mouth water and some of the small objects are of staggering quality. I have in mind particularly a clock and a pendant barometer by Lespinasse—obelisks veneered with lapis lazuli and mounted in the liveliest ormolu; and a small box enamelled, in the shape of a shell, and with a peacock's eye painted on each segment of the shell. What fantastic figures were those Parisianized Seymours who brought together this splendid collection. Traditionally, neither the third Marquess of Hertford (1777-1842) the collector, nor his brother, Lord Henry Seymour, the real founder of the Paris Jockey Club, are supposed ever to have set foot in England. This may well be an exaggeration; but they were certainly more Parisian than English. The Wallace collection is essentially the creation of a collector with a French mentality.



### New Minister of Food

Sir Ben Smith, the newly appointed Minister of Food, took up his duties at the Food Ministry in London recently. He served from November, 1943, until the Coalition Government ended, as Minister Resident for Supply in Washington



### Allied Conference

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia, accompanied by senior officers of his staff, visited General MacArthur at his H.Q. The purpose of the conference was to arrange complete co-ordination between the respective commands



### Field-Marshal Montgomery Decorated

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands visited Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's Headquarters at Ostenwalde, and decorated him with the Royal Order of the Lion of the Netherlands. They are seen together after the Field-Marshal had received his decoration



### General on Holiday

Lieutenant-General Sir William Slim, commander of the 14th Army, and his wife, Lady Slim, are seen together enjoying a welcome holiday in Worcestershire. Sir William Slim has commanded the 14th Army since its formation in October, 1943



# Myself at the Pictures

Anglo-American Teamwork

By George Campbell

At last we have an Anglo-American war film worthy of the subject. The compilations edited in Washington by Frank Capra, primarily for the benefit of the American forces—*The Battle of Britain*, *The Battle of Russia*, etc.—were admirably done, but the records of campaigns in which Americans themselves have engaged have been far less satisfactory. The Tunisian film was spoiled by sentimentality and a duologue between British Tommy and American G.I. full of embarrassing prattle about the better world to come. *The Liberation of Rome* was held up till it was out of date because the original version made in Washington somehow contrived to leave the British out of Italy. Capra's film about Burma has not yet been shown because, I understand, precisely the same thing happened there.

If official American films sometimes display the spirit of an enthusiastic bond salesman, it is not to be expected that unofficial productions should be anything but frankly partisan. Is it not on record that the "March of Time" contrived to produce a film about the Pacific war, including Burma, in which full justice was done to General Stillwell's comparatively small force and our friends the Chinese, but the British Fourteenth Army, which has killed far

more Japanese in this theatre than our other Allies put together, was not even mentioned? The invasion of Normandy, if we accept the same authority, was also one hundred per cent American. It being rumoured in this country that British troops were associated with the venture, in a modest way, the film as released here had two or three shots of Britons or Canadians tacked on; but you had to be quick on the trigger not to miss them.

*The True Glory* makes up for much. No better directors could have been found than Carol Reed (British) and Garson Kanin (American), and they have done a magnificent job. If jealous chauvinists, whatever their race, find no material here on which to feed their vanity, patriots and men of good will everywhere will have cause for pride and gratitude. *The True Glory* is an epic of team-work, with the achievements of the different players so skilfully interwoven that you are seldom conscious of nationality. The camera carries you from British to Americans, from Canadians to Dutch and French Maquis and Poles and Czechs, all playing their gallant part in the victory that belongs to all.

The voices, too, are of many nations, with touches of dry humour to relieve scenes of loss and desolation. The American confessing: "I had to get plastered, so I drank a whole bottle of cough medicine. It worked fine. I got stiffer than a plank;" the SHAEF staff officer plaintively recalling that Patton's armour was continually rolling off the maps it was his special job to supply—"a most embarrassing experience;" the shots of Commando training, with men hanging from cliffs and falling in high seas among jagged rocks, while a dry voice reads pre-war recruiting propaganda about the pleasant life and freedom from monotony you can look forward to in the army—things like these are funnier than all the artificial wisecracks, because they arise naturally out of character and situation. You know instinctively that it was men with just

this spirit of casual valour and cheerful endurance who won the war.

Apart from *Broken Dykes*, a vivid and disquieting revelation of the extent of the devastation caused by the flooding of Walcheren, most of the other new films strike one as trivial and second-rate. *They Knew Mr. Knight*, produced by one of Mr. Rank's minor companies, certainly has a moral—that running after millions is likely to land you in trouble—and it is directed with sincerity by Norman Walker and soundly acted by Mervyn Johns, Nora Swinburne and Alfred Drayton. But one is attentive rather than moved.

*Week-end at the Waldorf*, a re-make of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*, is better entertainment, but now we are in the familiar film world of formulae and clichés. The scene has changed from Berlin to New York. The famous ballerina (Greta Garbo) is now a film star (Ginger Rogers). The baron who comes into her room to rob is now a war correspondent (Walter Pidgeon) who pretends to be a thief. Why? Because if he didn't there would be no story. This episode is written and directed with some wit, and acted with the smooth competence you expect of Miss Rogers and Mr. Pidgeon.

The attempt of a bogus promoter (Edward Arnold) to get an oil concession from an Emir is intended to be funny; the episode of the young airman facing a dangerous operation without a blonde to hold his hand is intended to be pathetic. At the risk of being set down as humourless and callous I must record that my funny-bone remained untickled, my withers unwrung. It is only fair to add, though, that *Week-end at the Waldorf* is the sort of escapist entertainment enjoyed by millions. A friend was curious to know how his charwoman reacted to the sight of masses of food served by hordes of waiters to the very rich. To his surprise she loved it. Took you right out of yourself. Sort of romantic. In fact, ever so.

So is, and does, *Mr. Skeffington*. What men will think of it I am not sure. Women, who are said to make or break a picture, will eat it. Here is their special favourite, Bette Davis, playing the glamorous beauty that nine-tenths of them would like to be. She is a queen of Manhattan society, she wears the elaborate, if often frightful, frocks of the last forty years, she is surrounded for the greater part of this time by adoring men proposing marriage, and she loves nobody but herself.

Nobody? There is one exception—her worthless brother. To save him she marries the self-made millionaire, Mr. Skeffington, whose money her brother has stolen. At the end of ten years or so she has separated from her husband and packed her daughter off to school in Europe, and the rest of the film is devoted to a study of a shallow, selfish, silly woman still playing the femme fatale instead of growing old gracefully.

In the end she is left alone, consoled only by the husband she takes back merely, one suspects, because he is the one being in the world who still loves her, and because, having been blinded by the Nazis, he is also the one being in the world who thinks the haggard woman of sixty still beautiful. Bette Davis plays the creature with much skill and Claude Rains's quiet study of Mr. Skeffington shows again the difference between a strong dramatic actor carefully restraining his temperament, and an actor who has nothing to restrain. Was it actors or poets Roy Campbell had in mind when he wrote something like this:

The critics praise their masterly restraint,  
And they are right, of course:  
They hold the snaffle and the curb all right—  
But where's the bloody horse?

[Mr. James Agate will resume his weekly film reviews shortly].



*Week-end at the Waldorf* covers forty-eight hours of hectic romance and excitement inside the revolving doors of the fabulous Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Film-star Irene Malvern (Ginger Rogers) meets war correspondent Chic Collyer (Walter Pidgeon) and, after many complications which arise between them, they fall in love. There too is Bunny Smith (Lana Turner), a gold-digging little typist, who discovers that true love with aviator James Hollis (Van Johnson) is better than furs and diamonds with a convenient sugar-daddy. (Above) Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon. (Right) Lana Turner, Van Johnson





Beautiful Fanny Trellis discovers that her brother, Trippy, has gambled some of Mr. Skeffington's firm's funds away, and that he is paying for Trippy's party (Bette Davis, Claude Rains and Walter Abel)

## "Mr. Skeffington"

The Story of a  
Beautiful Woman Who Would  
Not Grow Old



Fanny discovers to her annoyance that she is going to have a baby, and is afraid she will lose her beauty (Claude Rains, Bette Davis)



Trippy is killed in the war and Fanny takes up with other men, including MacMahon, an unscrupulous night-club owner. She meets Skeffington one day with another woman (Claude Rains, Molly Lamont, Bette Davis, Robert Shayne)



Fanny gets a separation from Mr. Skeffington, who takes their daughter to Europe while Fanny has affairs with younger and younger men (Charles Drake, Bette Davis)



Fanny has a bad illness and all at once looks a middle-aged woman. Her daughter, now grown up, returns from Europe, and tells Fanny that Mr. Skeffington is in a concentration camp (Walter Abel, Walter Kingsford, Bette Davis, Marjorie Riordan)



Fanny marries Mr. Skeffington to clear her brother's debts, but on returning from their honeymoon Trippy drunkenly accuses Fanny of selling herself to Skeffington who is deeply hurt (Walter Abel, Richard Waring, Bette Davis and Claude Rains)



# The Theatre

## "Kiss and Tell" (Phoenix)

AMERICAN playwrights appear to be under the spell of a curious obsession. They are resolved, by hook or crook, to turn out a comic masterpiece on the theme of precocious love. Wives and mothers, the woman of thirty and the lass of twenty-one, all must retire for the moment in favour of the maid of sixteen. One attempt after another is considered worthy of our inspection, and each is harder to bear than the last. It cannot be said that audiences in this country find no reality in the theme itself. Some plays of our own, *Young Woodley*, for example, and *Sixteen*, have recognized the problem and treated it successfully. Besides, it is always foolish to strike off as unfit for drama any sort of subject. Ibsen wrote an exciting piece about drainage, and no doubt a charming comedy could be made out of an American junior miss pretending to her horrified parents that she was going to have a baby. Everything is possible; but it is certain that Mr. F. Hugh Herbert has not had the wit or the luck to make such a comedy.

WHAT makes his failure so embarrassing is that in order to be comically horrified the parents in the play have through the greater part of the evening to be realistically silly. There is nothing amusing in their silliness; indeed it is a kindly, amiable sort of silliness. They have to take the intolerably grown-up airs which their little girl gives herself with pooh-poohing but secretly admiring sympathy. She is allowed to fling herself at the head of a visiting soldier as though she was displaying a precocity that was both genuine and admirable. The attitude of the parents is much the same as it might be if a child of theirs were favourably impressing Einstein with its grasp of the principle of Relativity. "Don't worry Mr. Einstein, my dear—but, bless my soul, how near the mark the child is!" She has been forbidden to use her mother's scent, but when she has used it—well, well, what a little

rogue! She may be suspected of kissing the boy next door, and her mother is quite respectably insistent that this sort of thing must stop, but, Lord help the young men of the future, what a charmer is in the making!



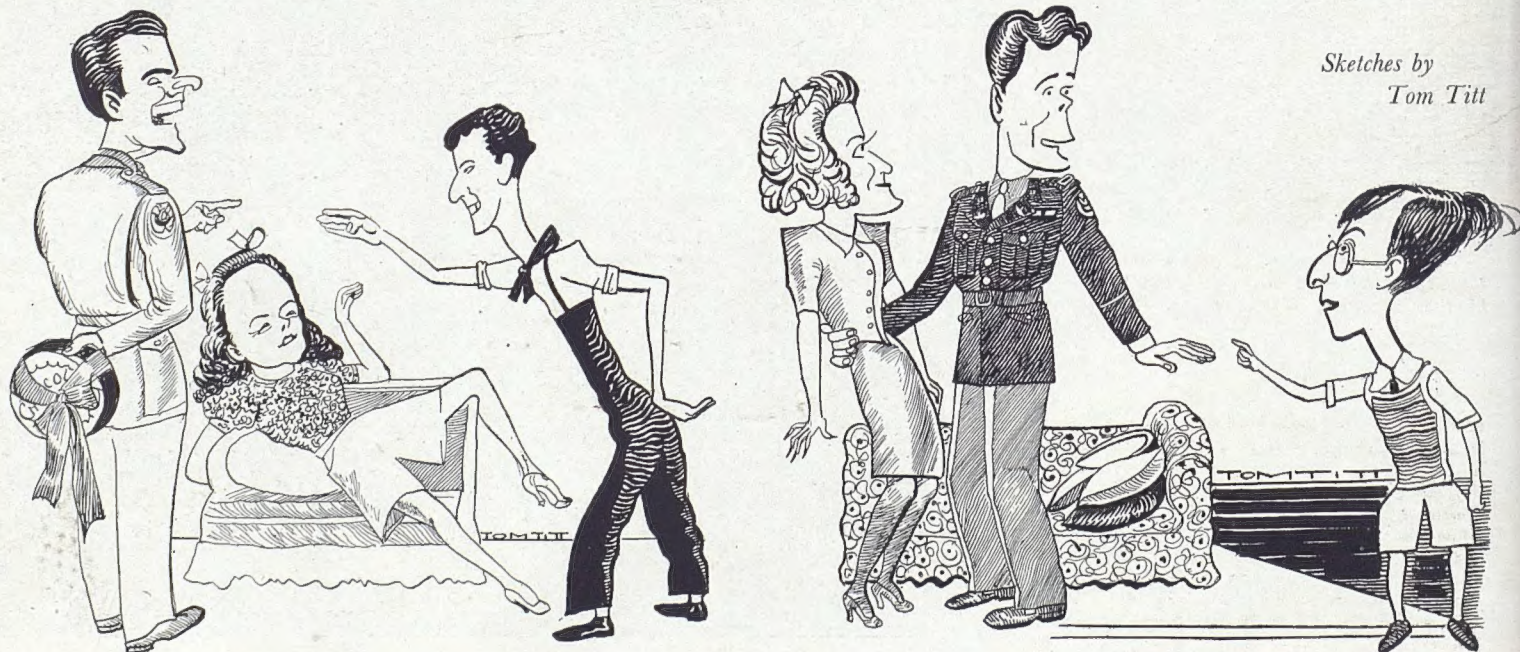
*Peace Offering: Harry and Janet Archer, parents of Corliss, make up the quarrel with gossiping neighbour Dorothy Pringle, whose interference caused their family feud (Percy Marmont, Renee Kelly and Hilda Bayley)*

ALL this is represented as quite normal behaviour in the neighbourhood, and it may be that in American small-town neighbourhoods it is quite normal behaviour. But it is so far removed from our own normal treatment of children that after noting with mild interest the racial difference we spend our time reflecting that this behaviour seems neither wise nor funny. And at last the laboriously primed charge explodes into a last act of lively farce.

The exasperated fathers of two families who have long twitted each other with a lack of respectability smash each other's noses and "bridge work"; women weep and blood-curdling threats are shouted down the telephone; and the child who is supposed to have been seduced smirks happily amidst the uproar. Then the triumphantly censorious mother learns that the fount and origin of the whole fuss is her grown-up daughter's secret marriage to the other woman's son; the two families are reunited by the blessing of a prospective grandson; and the little girl who swore in blood that she would not tell remains the coy, quixotic heroine of the hysterical occasion. The author is an unconscionable time climbing towards his one joke, but once he gets to it he beats the solitary bell, it must be owned, with such vigour that it peals out like a full chime.

WHAT can the company do with such laboured stuff? Mr. Percy Marmont urbanely marks time till the farce arrives, then rides it triumphantly; Miss Renee Kelly is uniformly pleasant as the foolishly acquiescent mother; Miss Tilsa Page enjoys herself as the spankable but unspanked junior miss; and Lionel Blair and Tony Stockman make good the mock sophistication of the romantic and cynical boys next door. And Miss Maire O'Neill contributes a comic walk and an inimitable smile.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Between Two Stools: Corliss Archer, the precocious child who is the author of all the misunderstandings, sits back to enjoy a heated argument between her two swains (Ian Lubbock, Tilisa Page and Lionel Blair)*

*Married in Secret: Corliss's brother and the girl next door have married in secret, and are interrupted at an inopportune moment by the girl's objectionable little brother (Marjorie Cooper, Glen Farmer, Tony Stockman)*

Sketches by  
Tom Titt





Lt. Carrocher: "Captain Labouchere, you are under arrest"  
Capt. Labouchere is arrested for having spoken too freely about Napoleon's impending plans to invade England (Anne Ziegler, Webster Booth, Reginald Tate, Doris Hare, Hugh Miller, Rupert White)

## Music and Espionage

In the Days of Napoleonic France:  
"Sweet Yesterday"



Labouchere: "Louise, what are you doing here?"  
Capt. Labouchere is greeted unexpectedly at Calais by his fiancée Louise, (Webster Booth, Anne Ziegler)

● Produced by Jack Hulbert, *Sweet Yesterday* is a delightful musical play full of colour and humour, and, above all, extremely attractive musical numbers written by Kenneth Leslie-Smith and sung superbly by those fine singers, Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth. France in the time of Napoleon gives the story plenty of scope for excitement, which is amply provided by Reginald Tate as an English spy and Hugh Miller as the French Chief of Police, while Doris Hare is in her element as the quick-witted Marcheline Lefebvre.

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Marcheline: "You're getting a bit of a bore with your suspicions"

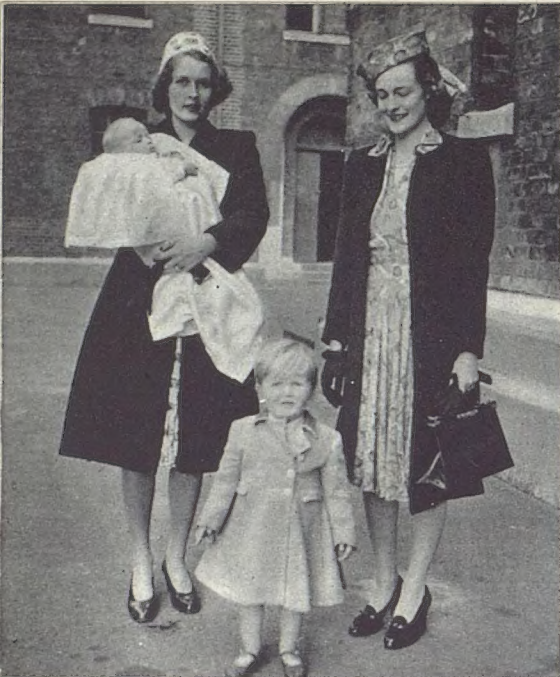
De Vigny, Chief of Police, has set a trap for Labouchere and Manders at the Marcheline's fancy-dress ball (Doris Hare, Hugh Miller)



Manders: "Take this ring to Mr. Pitt, our Prime Minister"

Sir John Manders charges Louise with a mission, and then dies to save his two friends (Reginald Tate, Anne Ziegler)

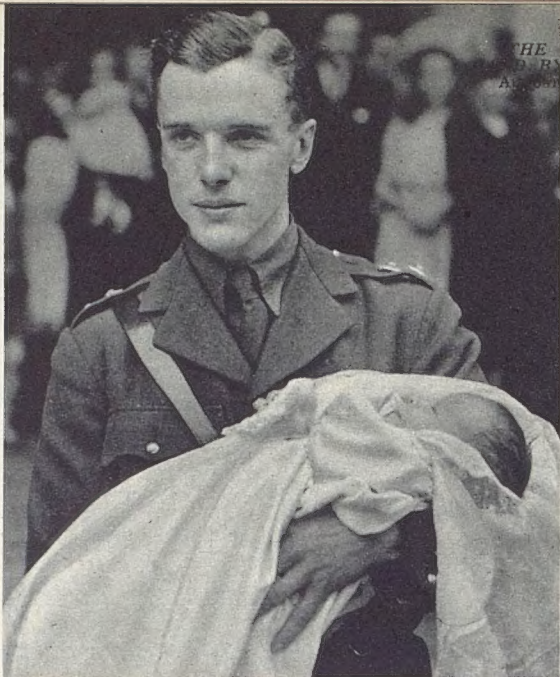




Brodrick Vernon

### Two Christenings in London and One Which Took Place in Ireland

The second son of Lt.-Col. "Willie" Pike, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Pike, was christened Robert Eben Neil at the Military Chapel, Chelsea Barracks. Lady Roderic Pratt (right) was one of the godparents, and is seen with Mrs. Pike, who is holding Robert Eben Neil, and her elder son, Max Pike



The infant Earl of Ancrum, son and heir of the Marquess of Lothian, Scots Guards, and the Marchioness of Lothian, was christened Michael Andrew Foster Jude, at Brompton Oratory. The Marquess of Lothian is seen with his son. The Swiss Minister, the Earl of Fingall and Lady Minna Butler-Thwing were three of the godparents



Capt. W. J. Lysley, late 11th Hussars, and Mrs. Lysley, are seen with their infant daughter, Edwina, after the christening at Adare Church, Adare, Co. Limerick. The godparents were Major Ivo Ashworth, for whom the Earl of Dunraven stood proxy, the Countess of Fingall and Mrs. Clark

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Historic Meeting

PLYMOUTH SOUND, scene of so many great events in our island history, from Drake's setting out to deal with the Armada to the secret departure several centuries later of another great sailor, Admiral Cunningham, to launch the attack on German-held North Africa nearly three years ago, was a fitting and appropriate setting for the historic meeting between the King and President Truman, thirty-third head of the great State set up by the handful of determined English men and women who sailed from the Sound in 1620.

Mr. Truman, with his simple, straightforward charm and unaffected manner, was on excellent terms with His Majesty from the moment of their first meeting, when the President, with his Secretary of State, Mr. "Jimmy" Byrnes, and his Chief of Staff, Fleet Admiral Leahy,

stepped aboard the battle-cruiser Renown, which the King had chosen, with his usual flair for the apposite, as the right background for the meeting between the two heads of States engaged in the titanic struggle against Japan. It was because the war is still in progress that much naval ceremonial—the firing of twenty-one-gun salutes, the dressing of ships overall, and other observances—had to be dispensed with on this particular naval occasion, but evidence that the war in Europe is over was provided by the fact that the crews in the patrol vessels, that circled round the battle-cruiser while the Presidential party were on board, were unarmed, and there was no necessity to have air-cover.

The American Commander-in-Chief wore a lounge suit, and only Admiral Leahy, among the Americans, was in uniform. Lord Halifax,

back from his Embassy at Washington for the meeting, came aboard with the King, and remained in attendance throughout.

### Return Visit

It was on board the American cruiser Augusta a little later in the day that the friendship and mutual understanding between the ex-farmer's boy from Missouri and the King of England had public expression.

Preconceived plans were that the King should remain only ten minutes aboard the U.S. warship, merely paying a courtesy call in return for the President's visit. But so much did Mr. Truman and His Majesty find to talk about that the King remained a full half-hour aboard, most of which he spent in the President's quarters so that the cruiser sailed on her homeward journey to America three-quarters of an hour later than schedule.

Both the King and the President regretted that their meeting had to be so short, and there is little doubt that warm and sincerely-meant invitations to visit each other's countries again as soon as world conditions permit were exchanged before they parted.

### Party for Ambassador

IN their attractive house in Chelsea, the Yugoslav Minister and Mme. Vladimir Rybár gave another of their delightful parties, this time in honour of H.E. the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mme. Leontic. Mme. Rybár, wearing a lovely flowered dress, received her guests in her high-ceilinged drawing-room and presented many of them to the new Ambassador and his wife, who are a charming couple and have already made a lot of new friends in this country. Members of the diplomatic corps at the party included the Turkish Ambassador and Mme. Unaydin, the Norwegian Ambassador with Mme. Colban, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen, Monsieur and Mme. Kukin from the Russian Embassy, Mr. Hornbeck, the popular American Ambassador to the Netherlands, Monsieur Jacques Camille of the French Embassy, the Chinese Minister and Mme. Chen-Wey-Cheng, and the Syrian Minister and his wife.

A striking figure was tall Mme. Borel, who, wearing a lovely shade of purple, was having a long talk with Monsieur Leontic. The Dowager Lady Swaythling, as usual, was greeting many friends, but had to leave rather early to keep another appointment. Miss Sanja Leontic, the Ambassador's charming daughter, came with her parents, and was chatting to pretty Mme. Livkovic, whose husband is a member of the Yugoslav Embassy.



### Brigadier George Chatterton Gives Farewell Party to Members of His Command

Brig. George Chatterton, seen with Miss Doris Hare and Miss Ellen Pollock, gave a farewell party at the Dorchester to members of his command, the Glider Pilot Regiment. He was responsible for the formation of it in the early days of the war



Also enjoying themselves at Brig. Chatterton's Glider Pilot party were Mrs. Oliver Fogg Elliot, who was in very good form, and was chatting to Lt.-Col. S. C. Griffiths, D.F.C., and Mrs. Griffiths





Swaebe

### A Recent Engagement

Capt. Gavin Astor and Lady Irene Haig have recently announced their engagement. Capt. Astor, who is in the Life Guards, is the eldest son of Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor, and of Lady Violet Astor, of Hever Castle, Edenbridge, Kent, and Lady Irene Haig is the youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, and the late Countess Haig



W. Dennis Moss

### Sir Stafford Cripps's Daughter Married

Capt. Sir Robert Ricketts, the Devonshire Regt., son of the late Sir Claude A. F. Ricketts, and of Lilian Lady Ricketts, of Good-a-Meavy House, Roborough, Devon, married Miss Theresa Cripps, second daughter of the Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps and Lady Cripps, of Frith Hill, Stroud. (Above) Lady Cripps, Miss Judith Cripps, Col. Hill, Sir Robert and Lady Ricketts, Lilian Lady Ricketts and Sir Stafford Cripps

### House-Hunting

MME. LEONTIC, who as yet speaks very little English but fluent French, told me that, like so many others these days, she is busy house-hunting, and, is hoping to get settled into a home of her own before the winter. Others at the party included Sir David and Lady Maxwell-Fife, Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Sir Orme Sargent, Sir John Monk, Prince Lotfallah, Monsieur and Mme. Iljusenko, Monsieur Feonov, Col. Kappel-Palmer, Miss Beatrice Phillips, Col. John Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey de Coupigny, Dr. Cerny the Czech Minister, Monsieur and Mme. Ivan Ivanovic, Monsieur and Mme. Kos, Monsieur and Mme. Prolic, that amusing American Mr. Levison, and many more.

### Christening

LITTLE Lord Ancrum had a lovely party after his christening at Brompton Oratory, for, as his mother, Lady Lothian, was not up and about—her baby being a bare three weeks old—many friends and relations went on to eat the christening-cake at his parents' flat in Sussex

Lodge. The baby, in a charming family robe of Brussels appliqué lace, lay on the bed by the side of his lovely lemon-coloured, organdie-covered cot, and Lady Lothian sat up in her bed amid a welter of parcels containing presents of all kinds.

Lord Lothian received their guests with his wife's mother, Mrs. William Carr. The god-parents included the Swiss Minister, who made a charming little speech of good wishes to his new great-nephew by marriage (for Lady Lothian is a niece of Mme. Ruegger), Lord Fingall, Mr. Auberon Herbert, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Lady Minna Butler-Thwing, Donna Oretta Marigliano and Mrs. Philip Kerr.

### Chelsea Party

MR. AND MRS. DAVID RAWNSLEY gave an excellent small party in their attractive house in Chelsea for their friends to meet Liam Redman and Ethné Dunn from the Players Theatre in Dublin, who are appearing in the film *I Met a Dark Stranger*. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rawnsley have been in Ireland recently over the production of this film, for which Mr. Rawnsley has done the settings.

There were many members of the theatrical and film world at the party. Kay Young, who was looking most attractive in navy blue and who is just starting rehearsals for the new Jack Buchanan show, was with her husband, Michael Wilding, who was off to Cornwall that night on "location," working on the film of Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*. He amused everyone by saying he must sit down at the party, as he was likely to have to stand the whole way to Cornwall! An early arrival was Glynis Johns and her husband, Tony Forwood. Ann Todd, who had just finished the film *Seven Veil* with James Mason, was looking very glamorous; she told me she was very thrilled that her brother's play had gone into rehearsal to be produced at the Embassy Theatre shortly. He wrote this while he was serving overseas, and brought it home on his last seven days' leave and sold it within forty-eight hours of arriving in this country: he writes under the name of Harold Brook. Capt. Chetwynd, who is in the Grenadier Guards, brought his wife, who has written several successful novels under the name of Bridget Chetwynd. Mr. and

(Concluded on page 216)



### Well-Known People Who Came to See the Dalkey Plate Run at the Leopardstown Races

Poole, Dublin

The Countess of Dudley and Mrs. Robin Wilson were together. The Earl of Dudley has recently registered his racing colours in Ireland, and his filly, Clippie, was third in the Londonderry Plate at this meeting

Mrs. Leonard was with Mr. Cosgrave, who is well known as the first President of the Executive Council of Eire, where he held office from 1922, until he was succeeded by Mr. de Valera in 1932. He is a very keen horseman

Three racing personalities from England, Scotland and Eire, who were in earnest discussion, were Mr. M. C. Collins, Conyngham Lodge Training Establishment, The Curragh (Eire), Capt. the Earl Fitzwilliam (England) and Mr. James McVey, Junr. (Scotland)



# Holiday Racing

Perfect Weather for the  
Ascot Meeting



Lady Honor Llewellyn, second daughter of the Earl of Lisburne; was with her husband, Capt. W. H. R. Llewellyn, M.C.



Two of the younger generation, Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen and Mr. Geoffrey Ostrer, walked round together



Sir Humphrey de Trafford's daughters, Mrs. Boves-Lyon and Miss Violet de Trafford, spent the day racing



Col. and Mrs. Sebag Montefiore walked from the car park with Miss Montefiore. The brilliant sunshine made it a perfect day for racing: in spite of this, it was the smallest attendance since the war, and there was plenty of room to move about in comfort



Sir Charles McCann, Sir Louis Greig, Sir Francis Tople and Lady Greig found a shady spot under the trees.



Miss Virginia Keily was with H.H. the Maharajah of Baroda and Col. R. R. Chandrachud



Outstanding among the many decorative spectators were Mrs. W. R. Lawson and Mrs. E. A. Cooper-Key



● Bank Holiday week-end produced some brilliant sunshine, and on both Saturday and Monday the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth motored over from Windsor. On the first day they saw Rising Light win a magnificent race for the Burghfield Stakes. It was a popular win, for not only was it the Queen's birthday, but it was also the first time the King had seen a horse of his own breeding successful



The King and Queen motored over from Windsor with Princess Elizabeth. In the Royal party, amongst others, were Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. The King and his trainer, obviously delighted with the success of Rising Light, are laughingly congratulating each other



Mrs. Philip Hill, very cool-looking in a floral print, was with S/Ldr. Partington



Mr. and Mrs. "Atty" Persse were in good form. They are with Miss Brook



Two experts who talked over the possibilities of the day were the Duchess of Norfolk, who runs her own training establishment at Michelgrove, and her stepfather, the Earl of Rosebery



Mr. J. F. Barrington, owner of Cadet, was photographed with another well-known owner, Lady Cunliffe-Owen



Prince Aly Khan, who has recently returned to this country after five years' service overseas, escorted Mrs. Charles Sweeney



Capt. F. Fitzroy, Mrs. Alastair Graham, Lord Tennyson and Mrs. Wrothesley went through their cards together



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHOEVER bought that celebrated and long-missing Rowlandson drawing of Vauxhall Gardens for £1 in an Essex village and sold it recently at Christie's for 2600 guineas didn't do badly. He wouldn't have enjoyed such luck in our part of the Hick Belt, where we grind the bones of antique-dealers' spies for manure.

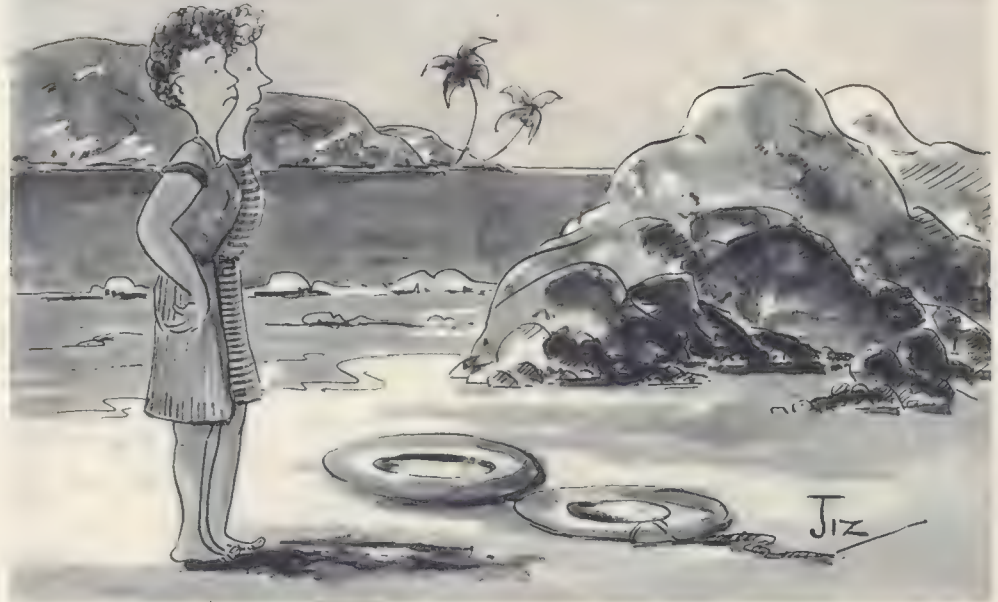
In simplehearted Essex they probably ring the bells and indulge in folkdancing and fireworks every time some smiling prospector from Lunnon purchases a William-and-Mary tallboy for a yard of trade-cotton and a few glass beads. The Essex hinterland is curiously remote and off the track. Having no rhododendrons, it lures no stockbrokers. Not far from the Dunmow clearing, a travelled chap tells us, the natives had never clapped eyes on a white man till Mr. Basil Dean came crashing through the undergrowth a few years ago. Whereas in the sophisticated South we aboriginals know every dodge in the racket, including the "salting" of cottages, and if a City slicker gets a yard away with anything we kill him. You don't see it in the papers because Bond Street dealers' marks are not missed. There's no trick of Big Business unknown to us, in fact, since Providence and the Southern Railway started sending us the wealthy City weekenders we hayseeds love so.

## Footnote

ESSEX will learn in time. On the seaboard the natives have already picked up a hint or two since that intrepid old conquistador James ("Boss") Agate with his caravels discovered Southend and annexed it for the Empire. Bush-wireless will one day organise an ambush in every village of the interior. Relatives of the Bond Street boys may be glad to know that they will not be eaten, owing to that turpentine flavour.

## Snickersnee

THAT news-story about the Wilkinson sword-steel firm having to work overtime to forge some 200 new blades for the Household Cavalry in time for the reopening of Parliament, the old ones having been melted down during the salvage drive, seemed to be an opera-theme handed some clever modern composer on a silver salver.



"Keep calm, Cora; just for a moment I thought it was that awful Major Burton in fancy dress"

Neo-Wagnerian with a dash of near-Debussy, this work would be, full of that cloudy fake-mysticism Nordics love. The clou of the Forging Scene would come when the hero, Erisypelas (tenor)—in love with his half-sister, Pyorrhea (soprano), but we can't go into that now—seizes one of the shining blades and asks Mr. Wilkinson (baritone) its name. Mr. Wilkinson sings "It is nameless!", whereupon Erisypelas begins the Rune of the Sword whose Name is "Nameless."

O Nameless!

Bright and terrible child of Mr. Wilkinson!

How does thy spell

Transcend the magic of Joyeuse, Durendal, Hautclair, Excalibur, and a couple of dozen other celebrated swords whose names escape my memory (I'm pretty good at faces but just awful at remembering names),

O Nameless! Anonymous and subtle!

Thou shalt drink the blood of Nobody (etc., etc.)

## Sequel

ULTIMATELY Erisypelas, recalling the relics encased in the pommel of Charlemagne's great sword Joyeuse, produces a hair from the magic beard of the

(Concluded on page 206)



"It's the one I took a pot at in '95"



● The King Alfred Club for R.N.V.R. officers is at 52, Pall Mall, the old home of the Marlborough Club. It was opened in the autumn of last year, thanks largely to the generosity of Lt. W. Reynolds-Albertini, R.N.V.R., who is one of the trustees. The Club aims at providing a home and a meeting-ground for R.N.V.R. officers, and its membership is at the moment nearing the four-thousand mark

Enjoying the fun were Lt. T. M. Best-Dalison (Hon. Secretary), Mrs. Tapp, Lt.-Cdr. A. D. Pallister, Mrs. M. G. Dudley (Asst. Secretary), Lt. T. C. Tapp and Miss M. T. Best

## The King Alfred Club in London Holds a Sherry Party

Right: Surg./Cdr. C. H. Joynt and Capt. Coppinger (new Commander of H.M.S. King Alfred) talked seriously with Cdre. Earl Howe (President of the Club)



Mr. Winston Churchill's daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, chatted to Lt. R. G. Curry



Capt. S. D. Spicer and Vice-Admiral Vivian were among the senior officers there



Cdr. Vandervell had an interested audience in Lt. the Hon. W. W. and Mrs. Astor and Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, K.C.B., D.S.O.



Actress Mary Clare, who has "thrilled" so many hundreds of playgoers in recent years, drank a toast with Cdr. E. J. Kingbull



Mrs. Geoffrey White and Lt. A. Gordon Silver found a comfortable seat on the sofa



Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Style shared some sandwiches with Mrs. E. J. Hedges and Sub-Lt. C. S. Langlois, who comes from Chile



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Prophet Joad. The orchestra gives out the Refusal Theme and Mr. Wilkinson staggers back, covering his eyes. Erisypelas rushes off with the sword Nameless and gets a mysterious letter in Act II beginning "Dear Sir: Unless—". A choral Doom-Song by a firm of solicitors named Whackett, Whackett, Whackett, Whackett, Son, and Whackett brings the act to a tremendous finale. Get cracking, Mr. Britten.

## Misfire

WITH the post-war revival of the Race's life-work, and especially lawn-tennis, the sporting experts are beginning to use the rabbit-cliché for timid players once more, we observe, showing how little the Fleet Street boys know of the facts of Life.

There's a noble poem about rabbits you probably know, beginning:

The rabbit has a charming face,  
His private life is a disgrace . . .

After which, so far as we remember, the poet goes on to say with a shudder that it would appal you if you knew some of the awful things rabbits do. Even then he doesn't touch on their chief characteristic, which is ferocity. Do you know what a lady rabbit does when she's sick of the conversation of a gentleman rabbit? Any breeder will tell you. We couldn't even begin to describe it. Cruel as females of every kind can be, the female rabbit surpasses them all in cool, bitter savagery. After she's finished with the gentleman rabbit there's practically nothing the poor devil's fit for, except to write for the *New Statesman*.

If the sporting boys are so stuck on the rabbit-cliché we suggest they should use it properly; that is, to describe those frightful women at Wimbledon who crouch and snarl and spring and smite whizzbangs with flails and give each other terrible, terrible kisses after the final set. You probably think the Chinese impassivity of the face of a big shot like Budge playing in a mixed double on the back line means lack of nerves. Behind that mask, a chap who knew Big Bill Tilden was telling us, there is raw panic. They can stand the snarls. It's the smiles that kill them.

## Bighearts

Few things seem more mystically sinister to us at this time than the present Dickensy outbreak among the big banks, whose publicity boys are falling over each other to offer the citizenry sympathy, consolation, advice, help, true love, and everything there is, except money. When a usurer turns out to be Humanity's Pal, keep an eye on your umbrella (Arabian Proverb).

The only aspect of this heartsy drive we've thoroughly understood so far was a picture illustrating the advice motif, of a beautiful young woman pressing a flowerlike face against a bronze grille and asking shyly to see the manager. The routine after that was pretty obvious. Half an hour later a bell would ring and a clerk would hurry to the manager's parlour.

"Rapson, give this lady the run of the tills."

"Yes, sir."

Here a sweet nonchalant voice says "Oh, Henry, you mustn't, really!" The manager squeezes a white hand passionately and continues.

"Give her a sack and a bright new shovel."

"Yes, sir."

"Plenty of fives and tens in stock?"

"Yes, sir. What about Town Waste?"

"Give her the works. My heart, Rapson, is like a singing-bird."

"Yes, sir."

What banks call Town Waste is (are) the crumpled cheques and banknotes swept up after City orgies and emptied into special bins. Hungry financiers are allowed by



the charity of banks to poke round the bins in the early morning before the cleaners arrive. You may have seen the poor waifs limping back to their dens in the Savoy, hugging their frowsy parcels.

## Boo-hoo

COOLLY discussing the floods of tears with which Monsieur Blum accompanied his rhetorical performance at the Pétain trial, a stoical old slouch of a gossip seemed to imply that all that crying was wasted. Our feeling is that it not only did Monsieur Blum good but everybody.

The last notable orgy of tears in a court of law, so far as we know, took place when old Mr. Samuel Insull, the ex-multimillionaire financier, was tried in America a few years ago after that brisk police-chase all over Europe which you doubtless remember. A chap who was present told us it was like trying Father Christmas. Even the toughest Press boys cried; even the stoniest lawyers, who generally cry only when hired to do so. It did them a world of good, as it did Cromwell and other ace weepers, and we wish there were more of it in our own Law Courts.

## Footnote

PUBLISHERS cry like Little Nell, and more often than anybody we know. They usually go in pairs, one tender-hearted, the other cruel. To hear the tender-hearted one weep in his longing to allow you 5 per cent more but unable to do so, alas, because his terrible partner (absent) will not hear of it, is quite painful. Many bookish boys are so moved and shamed that on leaving they drop a shilling in the box on the table towards the publisher's youngest son's expenses at Eton, they tell us.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"And, of course, with a couple of coats of paint, the walls will be twice as thick"





John Vickers

## Star of "The Seventh Veil":

Ann Todd and Her Two Children,  
David and Francesca

Ann Todd will shortly be appearing in *The Seventh Veil*, where she gives a terrific performance as a girl of fourteen, who later becomes a famous pianist. In private life she is Mrs. Nigel Tangye, and they have one daughter, Francesca, who is four years old. Eight-year-old David Malcolm is her son by her former marriage. Miss Todd made a great success in *Lottie Dundass*, in which she created the leading part on the stage last year, and she has just recently been invited to play the role again in America when it is produced over there. It will be her first visit to New York, and she hopes to take Francesca with her



## Families in the Country



**Lady Rawlinson**, seen in the garden of her husband's country home, Sloley, Norfolk, is the wife of Sir Frederick Rawlinson, just been discharged from the R.A.F. on medical grounds after service. With her are her three children, Sarah, Anthony, and Andrew, who was born in 1940. Sir Frederick is the father of the family.



**Mrs. Robin Poole** is the wife of Capt. Robin Poole, R.N., who is in the Fleet Air Arm, and the elder daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson, of Fowey Hall, Cornwall. With her are her two daughters, Scilla, who was born in 1935, and Serena, nine years younger. They are seen at the home of Mrs. Poole's younger sister, Mrs. Ralph Cruddas, in Cornwall.



**Mrs. Ralph Cruddas**, seen with her daughter, is the wife of Col. Cruddas, D.S.O., The Light Infantry, whom she married the younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson, of Fowey Hall, Cornwall. Her home is at Dunmore, Cornwall, where this photograph was taken.





*Lady du Maurier is the widow of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, the famous actor-manager, who died in April 1934, and is seen in the grounds of her beautiful Cornwall home, Ferry-side, Bodinnick, near Fowey. Lady du Maurier is the mother of Mrs. "Boy" Broening, who is so well known to the public as the writer Daphne du Maurier, while seen with her is another of her three daughters, Angela, who is also the author of several successful novels*

Photographs by  
Compton Collier



*Captain Edwin and Mrs. Cavendish are seen with Charles Pink, who is Mrs. Cavendish's son by her former marriage to the late S/Ldr. Pink, R.A.F. Mrs. Cavendish is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. W. J. B. Van de Weyer, and a niece of Viscount Powerscourt. She married Capt. Edwin Cavendish in 1943, and their home is at Churt, in Surrey*







Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Master of the King's Musick:

Sir Arnold Bax

Sir Arnold Bax, who gave the first recital of his works in 1908, is a Gold Medallist of the Royal Philharmonic Society and of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, while his works have appeared frequently in programmes of the London Philharmonic Society and other principal London concerts. His deep interest in, and knowledge of Celtic life and history find expression in his well-loved choral works *Celtic Song-Cycle*. Of his many publications, some of his best-known are *To the Name Above Every Name*, *Walsingham*, *Tintagel* and *London Pageant*. Sir Arnold is a son of the late Mr. Alfred Ridley Bax, F.S.A., and brother of Clifford Bax, the well-known author and playwright



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Head Butcher

SINCE it is now revealed, in the interesting document "The Military Administration of Britain (1940)," recently unearthed from the secret files of the German High Command, that the headsmen's axe and the guillotine were to have been the principal means of enforcing obedience to orders, the operative word in the title of this paragraph is obviously "head." It is more than probable that the Great Jockey, who has been deprived of his jacket, had a very shrewd idea of the existence of this document at the time of the world's greatest strategical error, and that that was why he gave utterance to that inspiring message to the inhabitants of these islands, recommending that they should be ready "to fight on the beaches and in the streets," since, obviously, it was impossible to believe that the highly-trained German General Staff could fail to seize such a golden chance.

## The Author

FELDMARSCHALL VON BRAUCHITSCH, C.-in-C. the German Armies in 1940, who was the author of this intriguing Operations Order, is of the purest Königsberg breed. Whether he is in custody or not at the moment, I am not sure, but it is quite possible that he has gone either to Patagonia, in company with other celebrities, or that he may have been one of the "Two Men of Drogheda Bay." Von Brauchitsch was sacked by Hitler in 1941. On July 25th, 1943, he, and other high-ranking German officers, had decided that Hitler was superfluous. They proposed to declare a Military Dictatorship with von Brauchitsch as No. 1, conclude an immediate peace with Britain, patch up things with America, Russia and France, and then set about getting ready for World War No. 3. The suggestion was to have been that Germany should keep Europe quiet, whilst Britain and America sent every ship and every man East to extinguish the Yellow Peril. It was all very disingenuous. It never reached fruition, because the scheme to liquidate Hitler was discovered in the nick of time. All this does not rule out Patagonia or Drogheda, for "misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." Hitler and

von Brauchitsch may have fallen upon one another's necks and "sworn brothers" for all that we know.

## Hippodromania

IT was not very surprising that after his quite bloodless victory over the short-priced and much-advertised Chamossaire in the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, that that strapping big colt Stirling Castle should be installed a firm second favourite to Dante for the Leger, and the much-to-be-regretted announcement that it has been found impossible to go on with the preparation of Midas, still further digs in Mr. A. E. Saunders's most attractive brown colt. In this latest adventure there was no room for hard-luck stories where Chamossaire was concerned—and, speaking personally, I have never taken any notice of any of them—for he was fairly and squarely outstayed and outpaced, exactly as he was in the Derby by all those in front of him. It has been advanced by his admirers that the very hard

(Continued on page 212)



D. R. Stuart

## Ex-P.O.W. Test-Match Cricketer

F/Lt. D. K. Carmody, who, in spite of having been a prisoner of war in Germany, has been batting brilliantly for Australia. He was shot down in the North Sea, and thinks that he was very lucky to escape drowning



D. R. Stuart

## British Test-Match Cricketer

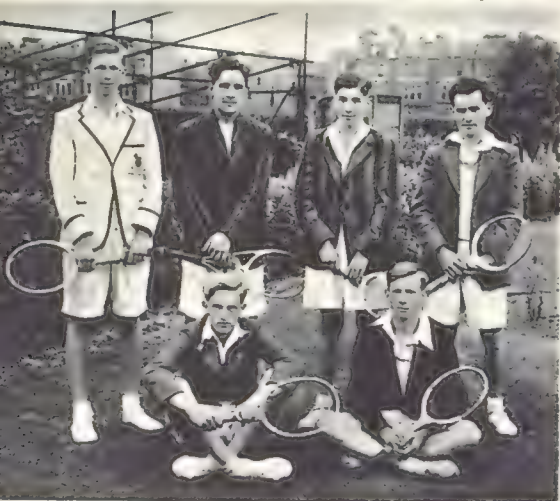
Capt. J. D. Robertson (Middlesex), and Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who did so well in the Tests against Australia, has also been chosen to play in the next match at Lord's



## Marines in the Making

At Instow, near Bideford, in Devon, there is a Royal Marine Training Depot, where Marines are trained to handle L.C.T.s. Our artist, W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley Beutler, watching a party unloading one, imagines the results of a jammed ramp—a tackle made fast to the horn of a washed-up mine, which promptly ignites the detonator; the reactions of Major, Subaltern and sergeant-major, and so on





### Winners of Boys' Lawn-Tennis at Queen's

King's College, Wimbledon, won the Boys' Lawn-Tennis Championship at Queen's Club. Sitting: H. B. Hiscock, P. A. Mansell. Standing: M. E. Nash (captain), E. M. Forward, M. Hime, G. R. G. Brown



### Beaten in the Final of Boys' Lawn-Tennis

Runners-up in the final were Stowe School team, which lost to King's College, Wimbledon, at Queen's this year. Sitting: J. J. Crossley, G. J. Chibbett. Standing: K. W. Milligan (captain), J. A. R. Anson, H. R. Marten, M. J. A. Davies



### The Four Winning Teams from the Girls' Lawn-Tennis Championships at Queen's

The four winning teams from each region were photographed together after they had played off for the Aberdare Cup, won by Malvern (West Region). Others were Sherborne (South), Roedean (North), and Queenswood (East). Front row: Diana Barton, Hazel Champness (Roedean), Betty Harries, Pat Chamberlain, (Malvern), Ann Porch Penny Rees, (Sherborne), Ann Wilson, Elizabeth Lidbury (Queenswood). Middle row: Elizabeth Hale, Margaret Rider (captain), (Roedean); Pat Hopper, Anne Ashby (captain), (Malvern); Sheila Bretherton (captain), Ruth Baker (Sherborne), Eileen Simon (captain), Joan Bletcher (Queenswood). Back row: Carol Halsall, Barbara Champness (Roedean), Elizabeth Whittle, Joan Charters (Malvern), Pat Cunane, Pam Illingworth (Sherborne), Rosemary Grange, Nancy Neill (Queenswood)



### Mid-Herts Horse Show and Mounted Gymkhana in Verulamium, St. Albans

Winner of the Utility Turn-Out was Mr. George Mossman, driving "Prince" who smilingly received the cup from the Hon. Mrs. R. Gore. The Horse Show and Gymkhana was held near St. Albans



Mrs. R. S. Summerhays, the wife of the judge, presented the first prize to successful young rider Felicity Down, who was the winner of the Children's Hunters for riders under seventeen

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

going on the July course was all against a heavy one such as he is. Stirling Castle is not exactly a pigmy, but, being much better balanced and infinitely better made, the shock was, naturally, better absorbed. The going on Derby Day was not cast-iron. Stirling Castle's price for the Leger at the time of writing is 8 to 1 to Dante's 6 to 4 on. Whether that will eventually be proven to be a just assessment of value we cannot possibly divine. He has given as handsome a drubbing to Chamossaire as Dante did over the selfsame course, but he was in receipt of 3 lbs. It was obvious from the way in which Stirling Castle won that he could have given the weight, and more. How do you think he should now be handicapped with Dante, who must still be represented by the letter  $\kappa$ , since we do not know even now how good he is? I have my own ideas, but not being fond of hornets' nests, I prefer to allow them to remain my own—for the moment. I can only feel certain of one or two things, namely, that 7 to 1 is not a generous price where Chamossaire is concerned, and that 8 to 1 is a good price about Rising Light; that the bookmakers are a bit too cautious about Naishapur (12 to 1),

and that they are quite safe in laying 40 to 1 Sun Storm and 50 to 1 High Peak! Alas and alack, that one should have to think this about these last two. All the bromide in England might not do the former any good, and ginger might not cause any improvement in the latter. His Windsor performance still further condemned him.

### Furthermore

It should not be understood where Midas is concerned, that the decision to abandon the pursuit of the Leger means the end of his active-service career; it is merely that he is far too valuable to knock about. Anything might happen on such hard going, and laminitis is one of them. Midas (Hyperion-Coin of the Realm) may well be worth his weight in gold at the stud when the time comes. En passant, he is as well-named as Ocean Swell, and I hope he is going to return as good a dividend. He is an immensely nice colt, and I do not believe that even the most captious could fault him. As to other recent things, the bright young, in particular, I am afraid that the general practice has been to make the latest winner the best. This is very dangerous. This Nearco filly Cama, for instance. She was getting the blunt end of a stone when she beat Down Rush only a neck in the Soltykoff Stakes on July 25th. She has plenty of foot, as we saw when she ran



Lord Aberdare presented the Aberdare Cup to Anne Ashby, of Malvern, the captain of the winning team. Lord Aberdare is a brother-in-law of Lord Rosebery and Lord Digby, who are both so well known in the sporting and racing world





### Royal Australian Air Force XI. v. Scottish Services XI. at Selkirk

Clapperton, Selkirk

The R.A.A.F.: (sitting) F/Os. P. Pearson, K. R. Miller, S/Ldr. S. G. Sismey (captain), F/Lt. K. O. E. Johnson, F/Os E. A. Williams, R. S. Ellis, C. D. Bremner; (standing) O. Halstead (umpire), F/Sgts. F. Moran, J. A. Workman, F/Lt. D. K. Carmody, F/O. Pettiford, F/Lt. A. W. Roper, W/O. R. G. Williams, F/Sgt. H. Craig, F/Os R. M. Stanford, D. R. Cristofani, J. Grieve (umpire)

The Scottish Services: (sitting) Cpl. W. Barrow, Capt. H. W. V. Levitt, Lt.-Col. Lister, Col. J. G. W. Davies (captain), Lt.-Col. G. Dryden, F/Lt. Austin Mathewos, Cpl. R. Pollard; (standing) O. Halstead (umpire), L.A.C. K. Cox, Anthony, C.S.M. C. J. Scott, Cpl. G. D. King, Sgt. A. B. Creber, Lt. F. B. Prentice, Capt. the Viscount French, J. Grieve (umpire)

clean away with a 5-furlong race at Newmarket on June 20th, with nothing much behind her. I doubt very much whether this defeat of Down Rush adds many cubits to her stature. Rivaz, another Nearco, is a different proposition, because she beat Sky High in a straight fight in the July Stakes quite comfortably. And we have also to think of Khaled, who has also beaten Sky High (Coventry Stakes, June 16th), and of Lord Derby's Gulf Stream, another Hyperion, who has recently won the Chesterfield Stakes and looks exactly like a racehorse! A very promising crop, I grant, but I think it would be prudent to wait until the corn has ripened in the ear and not jump to any hasty conclusions. The Queen Mary Stakes winner, Rivaz, may be queen of them all. The Nearco fever is very hot upon us, and the temperature well may rise higher yet.

And now we have this Burghfield Stakes at Ascot (1½-mile), which make Rising Light, Stirling Castle and Hobo virtually one and the same animal—head, short head, run on ground as hard as the high road. Hobo is not engaged in the Leger. The going at York next month may be entirely different. All that we dare say is that this Ascot gallop was a sound one, and entitles us to believe that the winner and runner-up are true stayers. The time was 2 min. 36½ secs. Dante won the Derby in 2 mins. 26½ secs.: a very considerable difference.



Col. Moffat and the Duke of Buccleuch, both of whom had been watching the cricket, were talking over the form together



### Spectators at the Selkirk Cricket Match

Clapperton, Selkirk

A cheerful group were Mrs. Hamilton Dalrymple, Mrs. Edward Rolfe, Viscountess French, Capt. A. R. Turnbull, with Miss Beryl Groom and Miss Anne Hall



### Eastbourne Beaten by Radley in Last Match Played Before Returning to Their Home College

D. R. Stuart

Radley have beaten Bradfield, Eastbourne, St. Edward's, Oxford University Authentics, and Radley Rangers, and lost to Eton, Wellington and Stowe. On ground: M. J. D. Bower, B. C. D. MacDonald. Sitting: D. Bennett, C. S. Cheshire, R. C. Wheeler-Bennett (captain), J. C. Wolton, P. D. R. Gardiner. Standing: P. Mills (umpire), R. H. Lloyd (scorer), F. A. G. Burgess, R. H. Blackley, A. E. Cornwell, R. E. Reid, D. C. H. C. Borgnis, J. W. Piper (umpire)



Eastbourne met Radley, their hosts for the war, in a two-day match, and then the College returns to Eastbourne in September. They have lost to Radley and Bradfield, drew with Lancing, and beat St. Edward's this term. On ground: T. F. D. Oram, M. A. Wadman. Sitting: N. B. Hill, D. A. Bell, G. E. H. Wilson (captain), A. S. Hunt, R. B. Harrison. Standing: F. R. Hall, D. S. Sams, B. D. Smith, B. W. Allen



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Fiction and Fact

NOVELS "based on the author's own experiences" are not, as novels, always easy to read. Often, they are either too discreet or too indiscreet; the characters, from having one foot in life, often lack the absolute reality of characters in out-and-out fiction; the form of the story suffers from lack of that freedom given by pure invention; and one is conscious—sympathetically, on behalf of the author—of the difficulties involved in blending fiction with fact. To be a success, a novel must give the impression of having been written with triumphant ease—how difficult a good novel has been to write, only the author knows: and only the author *should* know! When one meets a "creaking" novel, built up out of fascinating real-life material, one's reaction is: "Why did this chap give himself all this bother? Why not let us have the straight story—or straight account? If he is writing about himself, why not say so—why call himself Jim throughout when his name is Harold?"

This war's brilliant output of reportage and autobiography has shown, and has shown the fruits of, a wise majority decision on the part of young writers in the Forces. The war novel (from the fighting man's point of view) has, in the main, been left to the few natural masters of fiction form.

Such a natural master, it would appear, is Eric Williams—author of "GOON IN THE BLOCK" (Cape; 8s. 6d.). In the form of fiction, the wrapper tells us, this is an account of R.A.F. prisoners of war in Germany in 1942-43. In his prefatory note, the author tells us that *Goon in the Block* is based on his own experiences—indeed, it would have to be: as it stands, it could not possibly have been written from the outside. None the less, this novel is clear of all the faults, of the shortcomings of the fact-into-fiction genre, that I summarised in my opening paragraph. It stands on its own feet as a first-rate story; in which the characterisation and dialogue, the preservation of tension that makes for intense interest, and the concentration of moods into clear-cut scenes, are beyond challenge.

## Prisoners of War

IT may seem cold-blooded to make a start by analysing, from the purely technical point of view of the fellow-writer, a novel whose human importance is so outstanding. *Goon in the Block*, even had it bristled with deficiencies as a work of fiction, would have, anyhow, ranked high as a document. The point I do want to make is, that, given vital material, given something he feels impelled to get across, Mr. Williams (I do not know his rank, so I cannot give it) has definitely gained, rather than lost, by his use of fiction form. Perhaps "use" is not strong enough. I should say, command. The devices and privileges of fiction have served his purpose. *Goon in the Block* goes straight to the centre of one's imagination.

As to the title, I had difficulties other readers

may share. I referred, and I refer you, to the author's Note: "'Goon' is prisoner-of-war slang for a German soldier—'Goon in the Block' the shouted warning that a German guard is entering the prisoners' living-quarters."

Since this book was written—while it was still in the press—our prisoners of war from the German camps have returned: they are now in our midst; and will, I imagine, be foremost among *Goon in the Block's* readers. Mr. Williams has spoken for them; and they must be interested to see what they have said. He himself, like his central character, Peter, succeeded in escaping in 1943. "Succeeded" is the operative word—for he emphasises, throughout this book, the concentration of prisoners on the escape idea, the constant and undefeatable optimism with regard to this, and the actual exceedingly low percentage of successful escapes, in relation to the attempts made.

Not only the technicalities of tunnelling, but its whole surround of secrecy, tension, high hopes and anti-Goon intrigue, are admirably pictured. Chapter XI, "The Tunnel Break," is the best in the book—which is saying much. But this, the most dramatic, element in prisoner-of-war life is by no means stressed at the expense of others. Peter and his companions are, half-way through the story, moved from Oflag XXIB, in Poland, to Stalag-Luft III, in Silesia; and the effect on the same set of men of different conditions is very strongly shown. In Stalag-Luft III, conditions were superficially better—huts of eight instead of vast ex-penitentiary barrack blocks, better sanitation, birch-woods outside the wire instead of mud-flats, Goons and their officers less in evidence and better mannered. But, with the removal of outside irritants, relations between



"An Officer in the Polish Air Force," by Lady Antrobus, is one of her portraits in charcoal worked from life, though she has also done many posthumous drawings taken from photographs of officers who have been killed, which have been a great consolation to their families. The entire proceeds from Lady Antrobus's work go to a Polish Welfare Fund

the prisoners themselves more nearly deteriorated. In the first camp, ubiquitous Germans drew most of the animus; in the second, in the quieter and more comfortable huts, claustrophobia and mutual irritation more constantly threatened to set in.

## Back to Life

RETURNED prisoners of war, as I say, will read and discuss this book. But primarily it was written for us at home. And Part III.—in which Peter, John and Nigel, having escaped, are in Stockholm, awaiting return to England—is, I think, the most important of all. In Peter's conversations with Kristin, the lovely and responsive Swedish girl with whom he has a transitory love-affair—we have the core of the book, its message, its real point. It seems to me brilliant—if I may say so, respectfully—to place these last scenes in Stockholm, instead of London. Stockholm, with its bright lights and prosperous, almost unmoved people, is like a microcosm of the pre-war world. Suspended, waiting, in this friendly, somewhat unreal atmosphere, Peter, John and Nigel have a chance to rally themselves before the impact of the return to England. Peter talks to Kristin, the outsider, the neutral, as he may never be able to talk to a girl at home. Up through the element of their understanding drift, released, layer after layer of his state of feeling. This interlude is valuable: by chance, for Peter, ideal circumstances create it. Mr. Williams, at the end of *Goon in the Block*, gives us a revelation, at once intimate and decent, of a returning prisoner-of-war's mind.

(Concluded on page 216)

# Caravan Causerie

IN private life we have perforce to suffer fools gladly—otherwise we

should never be able to throw a party. But Fools in the Higher Hierarchy of human affairs are universally an agony in the neck. The world seethes with them these days, doesn't it? Who, for example, released for publication those photographs, probably posed, showing Allied soldiers walking lover-like with German girls in a wood? As if the subconscious jealousy of wives and sweethearts, endured silently throughout the war years, was not enough for them to bear—so many among whom have come triumphantly through their own sexual trials and temptations.

Again, who, except among the Higher Hierarchy of the Foolish, could imagine that only news concerning the refrigerators, food and flowers flown to Potsdam—with Mickey Rooney's arrival thrown in as an extra mental *bonne-bouche*—could be anything except exasperating to a waiting world agonising in suspense, hope and frustration for the result of that Conference?

The supreme muddle in housing, food distribution, reviving commerce and demobilisation, coming, as they do, after six years of emotional torture, merely tends to make revolutionaries of us all. Not because we are revolutionists, but because it is the only banner we can imagine which suggests the necessary violence to cut the present red tape, burst bureaucratic dams, and generally cut out the platform cackle and get down to the practical losses. A foolish notion, maybe,

By Richard King

but, like so many foolish notions, born of a greater foolishness.

We don't want to be fobbed-off with promises, hush-hush and teeny crumbs of comfort. We want now to get on with our own lives, in a big, clear-cut way; since that, after all, is the main *raison d'être* of being alive at all. We are haunted by the suspicion that by the time all the wartime problems are settled by law, precedent, procrastination and bureaucratic control—we shall all be dead!

The truth is, I suppose, we are sick and tired of being treated as conscripted numbers. You can only get the best out of human beings if you treat them as human beings. It answers best of all in every human association—be it in private life or on a wider scale. It maddens us to be told to hold on by men and women who are plainly busy holding on to their own authority. We want to co-operate, not be compelled. And, above all, we don't want to be encouraged to self-sacrifice unless we are ourselves convinced that this self-sacrifice is necessary.

Strikes, discontent, unrest and violence are always the fruit of an arrogant foolishness which believes itself to be sacrosanct in all it says and does. Consider human feelings and you have gone more than half-way towards securing human hearts. Mere catchwords of comfort and encouragement have never caught anything really worth catching yet. We are not born to fulfil a theory, but to fulfil the greatest possible richness of a life.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Taylor — Weatherill**

Mr. Raymond Wickson Taylor, of Langton Priory, Guildford, who is attached to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, married Miss Marjorie Winifred (Jill) Weatherill, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Weatherill, of Sandall, Guildford, at St. John's Church, Merrow, Guildford



**Walwyn — Digby Bell**

Lieut.-Cdr. J. H. Walwyn, R.N., only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Humphrey Walwyn, Governor of Newfoundland, and Lady Walwyn, of Government House, Newfoundland, married Miss Pamela Digby Bell, 2nd/O., W.R.N.S., only daughter of Surg.-Captain and Mrs. Digby Bell, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Ferguson — Crocker**

Lieut.-Cdr. Ian Ferguson, D.S.C. and Bar, son of the late Sir John Ferguson, and Lady Ferguson, married Miss Peggy Crocker, 3rd/O., W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, of Seal, Kent, at the Savoy Chapel



**Hogg — Marsden**

Lieut.-Cdr. Ian Hogg, D.S.C., R.N., youngest son of Colonel J. M. T. Hogg, Dallatur, Camberley, Surrey, married Miss Mary Marsden, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. C. W. Marsden, of the Red House, Heswall, Cheshire, at Chester Cathedral



**Robertson — Rouquette** D. R. Stuart

Surg.-Lieut. John Robertson, R.N.V.R., son of the late Dr. Robertson, and of Mrs. Robertson, of Marsh, Huddersfield, married 3rd-O. Dulce Rouquette, W.R.N.S., second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Harold Rouquette, of Southborough, Kent, at the Parish Church, Ashstead



**Townley — Young**

Annan, Glasgow

Captain Charles Humphrey Townley, Lancashire Fusiliers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Townley, of Townhead, Lake Windermere, married Miss Esther Mary Young, W.R.N.S., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Young, 24, Victoria Place, Stirling, in the Church of the Holy Rude, Stirling



**Fitzgerald — Norman**

Captain Desmond Fitzgerald, R.A.C., of Cirencester, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. F. Fitzgerald, of Hatherley Hall, Cheltenham, married Elizabeth Norman, daughter of Mrs. Croad, and step-daughter of Mr. A. Croad, of 16, Thurlow Street, S.W.7, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



**Flynn — Birkbeck**

Captain T. C. N. Flynn, 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers, elder son of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Flynn, of the Old Ride, now at Henbury Fort House, Honiton, Devon, married Miss Audrey Denise Birkbeck, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Birkbeck, and Mrs. Birkbeck, of 21, De Vere Gardens, London, W.8



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

Mrs. Pat Larkin were chatting to friends, and the latter was being congratulated on the very good portrait he has recently painted of his hostess, which was hanging but still unframed. He told me one of the greatest moments of his life was when the late Sir John Lavery asked him to paint a portrait of the late Lady Lavery to hang in their home, and Sir John was delighted with the result.

An interesting couple were Mr. and Mrs. David Hand, who have recently arrived in this country from the U.S.A. Mr. Hand has been Walt Disney's right-hand man, and Mr. Arthur Rank has brought him over here to start cartoons in this country. Others at the party were Mrs. Heywood Lonsdale, wife of the famous polo player, who is now serving with the Fleet in the Far East, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Launder, Mr. Lawrence Huntley and Mrs. Michael Powell.

## Ascot

THE KING, the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, who now appears to be a confirmed follower of racing, were at Ascot to see His Majesty's good-looking colt Rising Light carry the Royal colours to victory in a head-and-head thrilling finish in the mile-and-a-half Burghfield Stakes, the first of their horses the King and Queen have seen win since Sun Chariot's Oaks in 1942. Naturally, there was a good deal of excitement in the Royal Box when the numbers went up, for, from that angle with the winning-post, it was quite impossible to tell which of the three horses—Rising Light, Stirling Castle, the favourite, and Lord Rosebery's Hobo—had finished in front. The Regent of Iraq, in trim khaki uniform,



Swaabe

## Lady Stanley of Alderney Makes Début as Chairman

Lady Stanley of Alderney made her first appearance as a chairman at the committee meeting held to discuss the European premiere of "A Bell for Adano." The premiere is to take place at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on August 23rd, in aid of the National Association of Training Corps for Girls, and Lady Waddilove, one of the vice-presidents, is seen speaking in support of the cause. Seated are Mr. Stanley Edgson and Lady Stanley of Alderney

was one of the first to congratulate His Majesty, and Princess Elizabeth, in a simple dress of flowered material, with a wide-brimmed straw hat in cornflower blue, made no attempt to conceal her delight. With the King, the Princess went down to the unsaddling enclosure to see Rising Light brought in, and the Queen, in a summery ensemble of pale blue, with a small hat, followed them a few minutes later, stopping several times to greet friends in the crowd and to receive birthday congratulations from them.

The King talked for some time in the enclosure with Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, his trainer, perhaps discussing the possibilities of another Royal win in the St. Leger, a prospect brought somewhat nearer by the day's triumph over much-fancied Stirling Castle.

Princess Elizabeth, who had been down to the saddling ring with her parents before the race, left the Royal Box again before the sixth race to see the horses saddled, walking almost unrecognised through the surprisingly sparse crowds with Sir Ulick Alexander and Capt. Moore.

## Footnote

HAVE you any flowers to spare? If so, will you send them to the children of the East End, who seldom see a flower and to whom the tiniest blossom is something of rare beauty which embodies the very spirit of fairyland. Last year we put a few words in this column, and readers were so kind that throughout the summer and autumn a splendid variety of flowers reached the Geffrye Museum, giving immeasurable pleasure to both adults and children. Mrs. M. Harrison is the acting curator of the Museum, and flowers can be addressed to her for the children at the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, London, E.2.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

## London

ROBERT HENREY writes about London as few can. His flair for the particular atmosphere of a locality, and his power of capturing differing atmospheres in his prose, have made his *A Village in Piccadilly* and *The Incredible City* unique. Like a water-diviner, he leads us to hidden springs—springs of the romantic and curious. He makes our capital city seem like a continent—teeming, full of unknown life, fascinating, sometimes a little dangerous, still only half-explored. Best of all, the London he opens to our imaginations is not a London of the past. I mean, he does not have to trace the steps of Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb in order to make interesting our riverside, streets or squares. History is an ingredient in the rich London cake; but there are others. Not the least is contrast—the contrast between the different quarters that, each with its own climate, manners and traditions, make up, like so many countries, the great London continent. Also, our streets and parks reflect, as they do weather, contemporary events. Such reflections are captured in the writing of Mr. Henrey, who can paint with his pen. They play a great part in his new novel *The Foolish Decade* (Dent; 12s. 6d.).

*The Foolish Decade* traces the life of its heroine, Madeleine, from her Soho young girlhood, on through a marriage which brings her into the heart—the whirling, palpitating, excited and somewhat giddy heart—of the West End, in the decade which led to the second world war. (Hence the title.) The book divides itself into two parts: a study—from the domestic angle, though never so idyllic as to be unreal—of Soho, that Continental village; and a period piece, in which fashions, crazes, booms, slumps, night clubs and dazzling social functions appear. Through everything, Madeleine threads her serene way; and we look on the changing scene through the eyes of her personal happiness. Apart from the intrinsic interests of its theme, its excellent vivid writing and the appeal of its heroine, *The Foolish Decade* gains by being about happy, self-contained and far from foolish people. An engaging feature, too, are the illustrations: photographs of corners of London that play their parts in the story, of pre-war social events, and of personalities who cast their shadows across the age; and—perhaps most piquant—two Laurie Tayler drawings of the Twenties, reproduced from *The Tatler and Bystander*.

## Unusual Tale

"TIME ENOUGH LATER," by Kylie Tennant (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), is another novel not to be missed. It is Australian; but far from being a tale of the great open spaces. Sturdy young Bessie Drew conducts her courtship and management of Wainwright, that middle-aged, phoney but somehow engaging photographer-inventor, in Sydney; later, the scene shifts to the upland country cottage of Esther Gullick, a shrewd crank. The climax and end is a bush fire; which Bessie finds considerably less trying than Wainwright's non-stop round of Sydney bohemian parties. This book is pungent, touching and truly funny. I did not think it was still possible to be funny about a piano stuck on the stairs; but I can now assure you that I was wrong.

When the publishers call this an unusual love-story, they understate. Never, in fiction, can the heroine's virtue have been preserved by a more bizarre series of events. I also revelled in Esther, her dead birds and her semi-vegetarian diet of raw egg spread on bananas. Ron Chugg, the strong, silent man, and Papa Drew, battered veteran of many family battles, are no mean additions to any cast. *Time Enough Later* has good entertainment value. Also, for reasons I find it hard to define, it is a book to respect as well as enjoy.

## Hunting the Headline

IN *In Search of Sensation* (Robert Hale; 15s.), Theodore Felstead gives us the fruits of thirty-one intensive years of journalistic experience. The volume, needless to say, is packed; and it contains matter for all tastes. In order to fit so much in, Mr. Felstead has, I feel, dehydrated his subjects a little—I should have liked to hear more about fewer things. However, here we have financiers, boxers, politicians, spies, murderers, beauties, sensations of the Stock Market and the Turf. Take your choice.

## Californian Creeps

THE Californian coast, the Monterey peninsula, in particular, is the scene of the new M. G. Eberhart novel *Escape the Night* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.). Young Serena March, on holiday from her working life in New York, comes back home, rejoining her childhood's friends. But these, unhappily, have grown up into a sulphurous collection of young-marrieds; intent, apparently, on bumping each other off in the intervals of ranching and country club-going. This, though disillusioning for Serena, makes breathless reading. Miss Eberhart never lets one down.

## Ingenious Tale

"THE INGENIOUS MR. STONE," by Robert Player (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is somewhat rambling, not to say amateurish, as a detective story, but its liveliness in the matters of scene and character make it good entertainment. It is, in parts, very funny. Half the action takes place in a girls' boarding-school, the other in a luxurious but sinister country-house hotel.



## NEW *Jaguar* CARS

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## ALL-TIME FAVOURITE: THE LITTLE SUIT

Wolsey have designed this very useful two-piece in colours taken from the Chinese Colour story. The dress has short sleeves and is cut on jumper-suit lines, with the bodice in polka-dot print and a plain skirt. It is equally attractive worn alone or, on cooler days, with the long-sleeved jacket. *Harrods* have it in stock, approx. £10 5s. 4d.

Photographs by  
Dormer Cole



A little more formal is this Rensor "dressmaker." Made in a fine wool material, the coat buttons and ties at the waist in a neat twist. The pockets add interest, the collar line is new and the skirt is cut to give plenty of freedom in walking. *Swan and Edgar* have it, price £21 6s. 6d.

by **Jean Lorimer**





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# Bubble & Squeak

## Stories from Everywhere

TWO men in a lighthouse saw a small boat being rowed towards it. When it was about half a mile away it began to sink, so one of the men went out to the rescue.

When the rescued man was in the lighthouse he told the men it was a good job they had saved him because he had come to see them about their income tax.

HERE, I say, we're out of petrol," said he. "Don't be an ass. This is a main road," said she

One More Shake by W. Buchanan-Taylor (Heath Cranton) is full of amusing anecdotes. Here is one of them:—

At a village concert the local baritone was about to enliven the proceedings. The only difficulty was that the singer had no music with him. The pianist, who had thus far obliged, could not play without the sheet music. An appeal was made for an accompanist who could "vamp" to the baritone's number. The blacksmith came forward. He and the singer went into a huddle. The baritone hummed his tune and the volunteer seemed to have acquired the trend, at least.

At the first attempt it was easy to appreciate that they were performing in different keys.

"Try it lower down," said the baritone, and they made a fresh start. This time was no better than the first.

"Too low," said the singer "try it a bit higher up, about the middle."

Again the effort failed to produce that co-ordination which makes for harmony. The "vamp" arose from his seat at the piano and said as he retired from the unequal fray:—

"Ah'm sorry, ad, but it's no good. Ah give up. Ah've tried thee on th' white notes, Ah tried thee on th' black notes, an' Ah've come to th' conclusion th'art singing on th' nicks."



Alexander Bender

Beryl Kaye, the young South African dancer, is one of the most popular members of Emile Littler's Company now at the Coliseum appearing in "The Night and the Music." She gives an inspired performance as the cockney sparrow who, momentarily beaten down by the blitz, rises, shakes her wings and with supreme artistry mimes her contempt for Hitler and his works, in this way typifying the unconquerable spirit of London. Born in Cape Town, Beryl Kaye has studied with Marie Rambert, Sokolova and Preobajenska. She was previously a member of the Markova-Dolin Ballet Company

A SERGEANT on a course of training for the infantry wrote home to his wife: "Darling, I'm not in the artillery now, I have been put in the infantry, but don't worry for I shall be all right."

His wife wrote back: "Darling, why should I worry? You're in the infantry, not me."

ANOTHER U.S. Army yarn:—  
Someone asked a service man: "What were you before you joined up?"  
"Perfectly contented," was the brisk reply.

TWO sisters, visiting the cinema, could only find two gangway seats, one behind the other. Wishing to sit together, one of them cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and whispered: "I beg your pardon, but are you alone?"

Without even turning his head, but twisting his mouth and shielding it with his hand, he muttered: "Cut it out; my wife's with me."

Natal Mercury gives this story:—

The stork having crash-landed without warning, the agitated young husband sent for the doctor. The doctor arrived half asleep, and sent the husband out of the room.

After a short while the doctor opened the door and asked for a screwdriver, which the astonished husband gave him. Then he emerged once again and asked for a hammer. When, on the third occasion, he wanted a hacksaw, the amazed husband cried:—

"I say—are you sure she's all right?"  
"Not yet," growled the doctor, "but she will be when I get this confounded bag open."

## PIN-UP PORTFOLIO

● In cabins, huts, dugouts and all places where men on active service turn their thoughts homewards, the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings and the austerity of life. The David Wright Girls—blondes and brunettes, demure and not so demure—are known in the messes far and wide, for a series of them has adorned our sister paper, *The Sketch*, for a long time in the form of a coloured plate. Now, such is the demand for these Wall-flowers, no less than sixteen of them—the pick of the bunch—are offered together in the "David Wright Portfolio." These plates, in full colours, are nicely bound and printed and cost a modest five shillings (by post 5s. 3d.) from The Publisher, *The Sketch* Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1



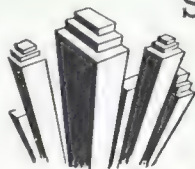
## What has high fashion to do with fit?

However smart the shoe style you choose it cannot be really smart unless the fit is perfect. Perfect fit depends on several fittings in every size. It's good news then

that at Peter Lords you have a range of shoes by Clarks (the famous English makers) built on authentic American lasts and in several fittings to every size.

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## CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO LOVELINESS

The most important rule for keeping your skin clear is simple indeed—keep it clean. But more than soap-and-water clean. Even the most freshening wash doesn't get at hidden impurities, deep in the pores, that cause provoking skin blemishes. To keep your skin thoroughly clean, adopt my Skin Beauty Routine using Anne French Cleansing Milk. Leaves your skin wonderfully refreshed, toned up, supple—ready for the final touches of your make-up.

## FOLLOW MY *Skin Beauty* ROUTINE

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in lukewarm water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day, when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

## Anne French CLEANSING MILK

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's worth searching for. Price 2/6d. including Purchase Tax.

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## Farewell Dinner at an R.A.F. Station at Yatesbury

A farewell dinner was given to Air Commodore H. Leedham, C.B., O.B.E., on his recent retirement from the service. Seen above are Wing Commander A. W. Daniels, Air Commodore F. G. H. Ewens, Air Commodore H. Leedham, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Victor H. Tait (D.G. of Signals, Air Ministry), Group Captain J. A. Elliott (Station Commander), Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Theak, Group Captain H. A. Evans-Evans and Wing Commander L. H. Joe Stewart.

## Records

THE story that appeared in one of the daily papers the other day about a new motor car that was to be built for an attempt on the world's land speed record revives memories of some notable achievements. I am doubtful if the design that was put forward would be entitled to claim a land speed record officially because it was to be jet driven and the record regulations demand that the drive be through the wheels. But that would not lessen the public interest.

When a country is at peace it does require sporting events with a strong danger element in them if it is to keep quiet and reasonable. For some unknown reason human beings must either try to kill themselves or watch other people trying to kill themselves if they are to be satisfied. The world speed record attempts of the pre-war period were a "moral equivalent" to war. Such attempts demand fairly heavy support from people with plenty of money. The late Lord Wakefield was the great patron of air and land records. Speed progress, both in aircraft and in motor cars owes much to his generosity. Now the company he founded has opened its new premises in Grosvenor Street and many people are hoping that support will again be forthcoming for this form of practical experimental work.

## Air Eddies By Oliver Stewart

Meanwhile my suggestion, which I make at intervals of about one year and which is always received with hoots of derisive laughter, is that we should organize a motor-car race in London with one of the main turning points at Trafalgar Square. If we can stop all ordinary traffic for ceremonial parades, which to most people nowadays are nothing more than a bore, we can surely stop it for an exhilarating event like a motor-car race. Anyhow, I am sure Nelson would like it.

## Cars and Aircraft

THE linkage between aircraft and motor cars is close. Motor-car companies made aero-engines and airframes during the war and during the peace some aviation companies will make motor cars. The Bristol Aeroplane Company is one which will enter this field. It has acquired an interest in A.F.N. Limited, which was responsible for the Frazer-Nash cars. Colonel H. J. Aldington remains managing director and will be responsible for design, while his brothers D. A. and W. H. Aldington will continue with the company.

This new Bristol activity will be watched with the greatest interest, for Bristol has another expert on motor cars in Captain Bartlett. It has been extraordinarily hard to transfer aviation thinking to the work of making motor cars. Again and again companies with experience in air work have turned to motor cars promising great things through the use of light alloys and of aeronautical techniques in general. So far they have never been able to produce results noticeably better than those produced by the ordinary motor-car firms. But perhaps the future will see a change. I personally hope above all things that the external kinks and corners and crannies of motor cars will be smoothed away and that we shall get something which has an outside surface like that of a laminar flow wing.

## Reno Special

THAT air travel is of value because it can speed up the process of divorce is a new idea. Yet it was put forward half seriously in an American paper the other day, which said that an aeroplane express service from New York to Reno was to begin this month and that it would be charging 400 dollars for a one-way ticket and 750 dollars for a return ticket with a six months' limit.

Sales enterprise is shown by those who conceived of the use of air travel for this highly specialized purpose. It suggests all kinds of further possibilities. For example, sin, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, is geographical. What is a crime in one part of the world is held to be meritorious in another part. By use of high-speed air transport a person might find it possible to indulge in every conceivable form of vice while at the same time receiving the blessings and the respect of the immediate neighbourhood. Less exotic but more shattering is the idea that one can pursue one's favourite sport round the world as the seasons change and be continuously regaled, for example, with cricket throughout a lifetime.

## Gliding as Training

AN excellent case has been made out by Mr. P. A. Wills for the extended use of gliding and sail flying as a means of training power pilots. It seems that the Air Transport Auxiliary never had a failure by a sailplane pilot who sought entry into the A.T.A. Whether this means that gliding has a special training value, or whether it means that it is merely a sort of sieve which prevents those without aptitude from getting through to the power work is not clear. But whichever action gliding performs it is equally useful in improving training economy. In short there is an excellent case for the full encouragement of gliding and sail flying in the future.

## Note these Facts

### RHEUMATISM

has one thing in common with Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Sleeplessness, Colds and 'Flu:

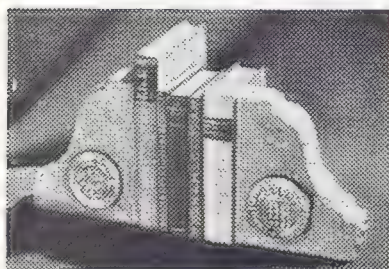
its manifestations of pain are safely and speedily relieved by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

The exact causes of Rheumatism have yet to be discovered by medical science, but it is known that salicylate therapy has a beneficial action on the disturbances of uric acid metabolism associated with certain types of Rheumatism: 'Genasprin', therefore, combats these conditions as well as giving sure and speedy relief from the pain that accompanies them.

Only an absolutely pure form of aspirin can be relied upon not to depress the heart or upset the digestion. 'Genasprin' is absolutely pure: it will not produce any harmful after-effects. You can get 'Genasprin' from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain  
'GENASPRIN'  
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.



BOOK ENDS, ALSO TOBACCO JARS

## Historic Relics

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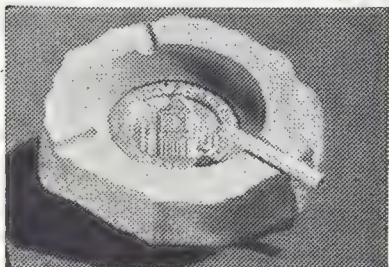
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our hearts, hats and voices; yes,  
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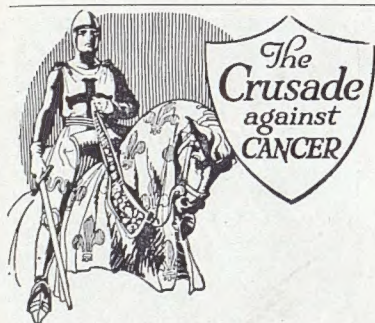
says OLD HETHERS

I know you've missed my bottled Robinson's Lemon Barley Water, for many have written to tell me so. It's true that it will return with peace, which, we all hope, is not far away, but in the meantime, I suggest that you make your barley water at home, from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley packed in tins.

*Barley Water from*

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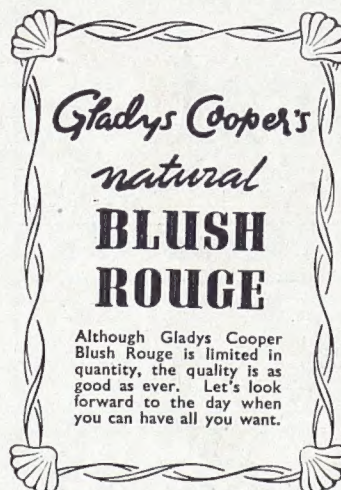
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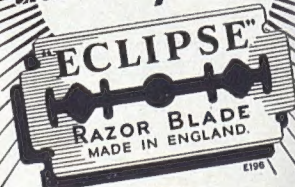
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Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. The Hystogen method, invented and practised by a Swiss specialist with 35 years' experience, is the scientific and genuine method of improving the face. 15,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Literature 2/6

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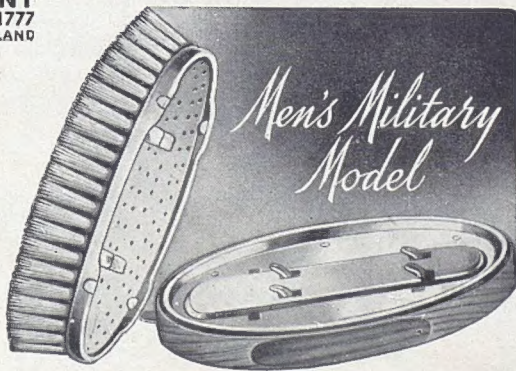
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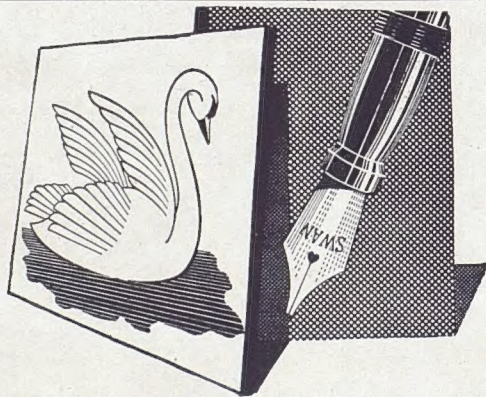
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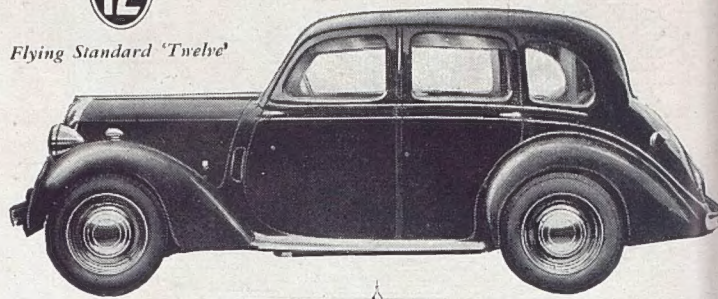
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12

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